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READINGS BOOKLET



CANADIANA

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GRADE 12
DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30
Part B: Reading

January 1992

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30**

**Part B: Reading
READINGS BOOKLET**

DESCRIPTION

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are seven reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Total time allotted: 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS

- **Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet and an English 30 Questions Booklet.**
- You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1992



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- I. Questions 1 to 10 in your Readings Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *The Princess Bride*.

from THE PRINCESS BRIDE

Flashback.

1941. Autumn. I'm a little cranky because my radio won't get the football games. Northwestern is playing Notre Dame, it starts at one, and by one-thirty I can't get the game. Music, news, soap operas, everything, but not the biggie.

- 5 I call for my mother. She comes. I tell her my radio's busted, I can't find Northwestern — Notre Dame. She says, you mean the football? Yes yes yes, I say. It's Friday, she says; I thought they played on Saturday.

Am I an idiot!

- I lie back, listening to the soaps, and after a little I try finding it again, and
10 my stupid radio will pick up every Chicago station except the one carrying the football game. I really holler now, and again my mother tears in. I'm gonna heave this radio right out the window, I say; it won't get it, it won't get it, I cannot make it get it. Get what? she says. *The football game*, I say; how dumb are you, the *gaaaaaame*. Saturday, and watch your tongue, young man, she says — I already
15 told you, it's Friday. She goes again.

Was there ever so ample a dunce?

- Humiliated, I flick around on my trusty Zenith, trying to find the football game. It was so frustrating I was lying there sweating and my stomach felt crazy and I was pounding the top of the radio to make it work right and that was how
20 they discovered I was delirious with pneumonia.

Pneumonia today is not what it once was, especially when I had it. Ten days or so in the hospital and then home for the long recuperating period. I guess it was three more weeks in bed, a month maybe. No energy, no games even. I just was this lump going through a strength-gathering time, period.

- 25 Which is how you have to think of me when I came upon *The Princess Bride*.

It was my first night home. Drained; still one sick cookie. My father came in, I thought to say good night. He sat on the end of my bed. "Chapter One. The Bride," he said.

- 30 It was then only I kind of looked up and saw he was holding a book. That alone was surprising. My father was next to illiterate. In English. He came from Florin (the setting of *The Princess Bride*) and there he had been no fool. He said once he would have ended up a lawyer, and maybe so. The facts are when he was sixteen he got a shot at coming to America, gambled on the land of opportunity
35 and lost. There was never much here for him. He was not attractive to look upon, very short and from an early age bald, and he was ponderous at learning. Once he got a fact, it stayed, but the hours it took to pass into his cranium were not to be believed. His English always stayed ridiculously immigranty, and that didn't help him either. He met my mother on the boat over, got married later and, when
40 he thought they could afford it, had me. He worked forever as the number-two chair in the least successful barbershop in Highland Park, Illinois. Toward the end, he used to doze all day in his chair. He went that way. He was gone an hour before the number-one guy realized it; until then he just thought my father was having a good doze. Maybe he was. Maybe that's all any of this is. When they

Continued

45 told me I was terribly upset, but I thought at the same time it was an almost Existence-Proving way for him to go.

Anyway, I said, "Huh? What? I didn't hear." I was so weak, so terribly tired.

50 "Chapter One. The Bride." He held up the book then. "I'm reading it to you for relax." He practically shoved the book in my face. "By S. Morgenstern. Great Florinese writer. *The Princess Bride*. He too came to America. S. Morgenstern. Dead now in New York. The English is his own. He spoke eight tongues." Here my father put down the book and held up all his fingers. "Eight. Once, in Florin City, I was in his café." He shook his head now; he was always doing that, my
55 father, shaking his head when he'd said it wrong. "Not *his* café. He was in it, me too, the same time. I saw him. S. Morgenstern. He had head like this, that big," and he shaped his hands like a big balloon. "Great man in Florin City. Not so much in America."

"Has it got any sports in it?"

60 "Fencing. Fighting. Torture. Poison. True love. Hate. Revenge. Giants. Hunters. Bad men. Good men. Beautifullest ladies. Snakes. Spiders. Beasts of all natures and descriptions. Pain. Death. Brave men. Coward men. Strongest men. Chases. Escapes. Lies. Truths. Passion. Miracles."

"Sounds okay," I said, and I kind of closed my eyes. "I'll do my best to
65 stay awake . . . but I'm awful sleepy, Daddy. . . ."

Who can know when his world is going to change? Who can tell before it happens, that every prior experience, all the years, were a preparation for . . . nothing. Picture this now: an all-but-illiterate old man struggling with an enemy tongue, an all-but-exhausted young boy fighting against sleep. And nothing between
70 them but the words of another alien, painfully translated from native sounds to foreign. Who could suspect that in the morning a different child would wake? I remember, for myself, only trying to beat back fatigue. Even a week later I was not aware of what had begun that night, the doors that were slamming shut while others slid into the clear. Perhaps I should have at least known something,
75 but maybe not; who can sense revelation in the wind?

What happened was just this: I got hooked on the story.

For the first time in my life, I became actively interested in a *book*. Me the sports fanatic, me the game freak, me the only ten-year-old in Illinois with a hate on for the alphabet wanted to know *what happened next*.

80 What became of beautiful Buttercup and poor Westley and Inigo, the greatest swordsman in the history of the world? And how really strong was Fezzik and were there limits to the cruelty of Vizzini, the devil Sicilian?

Each night my father read to me, chapter by chapter, always fighting to sound the words properly, to nail down the sense. And I lay there, eyes kind of closed,
85 my body slowly beginning the long flow back to strength. It took, as I said, probably a month, and in that time he read *The Princess Bride* twice to me. Even when I was able to read myself, this book remained his. I would never have dreamed of opening it. I wanted his voice, his sounds. Later, years later even, sometimes I might say, "How about the duel on the cliff with Inigo and the man
90 in black?" and my father would gruff and grumble and get the book and lick his thumb, turning pages till the mighty battle began. I loved that. Even today, that's how I summon back my father when the need arises. Slumped and squinting and halting over words, giving me Morgenstern's masterpiece as best he could. *The Princess Bride* belonged to my father.

Continued

95 Everything else was mine.

There wasn't an adventure story anywhere that was safe from me. "Come on," I would say to Miss Roginski when I was well again. "Stevenson, you keep saying Stevenson, I've finished Stevenson, who now?" and she would say, "Well, try Scott, see how you like him," so I tried old Sir Walter and I liked him well
100 enough to butt through a half-dozen books in December (a lot of that was Christmas vacation when I didn't have to interrupt my reading for anything but now and then a little food). "Who else, who else?" "Cooper maybe," she'd say, so off I went into *The Deerslayer* and all the Leatherstocking stuff, and then on my own one day I stumbled onto Dumas and D'Artagnan and that got me through most
105 of February, those guys. "You have become, before my very eyes, a novel-holic," Miss Roginski said. "Do you realize you are spending more time now reading than you used to spend on games? Do you know that your arithmetic grades are actually getting worse?" I never minded when she knocked me. We were alone in the schoolroom, and I was after her for somebody good to devour. She shook
110 her head. "You're certainly blooming, Billy. Before my very eyes. I just don't know into what."

I just stood there and waited for her to tell me to read somebody.

"You're impossible, standing there waiting." She thought a second. "All right. Try Hugo. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*."

115 "Hugo," I said. "*Hunchback*. Thank you," and I turned, ready to begin my sprint to the library. I heard her words sighed behind me as I moved.

"This can't last. It just can't last."

But it did.

William Goldman
Contemporary American novelist

II. Questions 11 to 18 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

SISTERS

- These children split each other open like nuts,
break and crack in the small house,
are doors slamming.
Still, on the whole, are gentle for mother, take
5 her simple comfort like a drink of milk.
- Fierce on the street they own the sun and spin
on separate axes
attract about them in their motion all
the shrieking neighbourhood of little earths,
10 in violence hold hatred in their mouths.
- With evening their joint gentle laughter leads
them into pastures of each others eyes;
beyond, the world is barren; they contract
tenderness from each other like disease
15 and talk as if each word had just been born —
a butterfly, and soft from its cocoon.

P.K. Page
Contemporary Canadian poet

III. Questions 19 to 30 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Timon of Athens*.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III, Scene ii

CHARACTERS:

LUCIUS
SEMPRONIUS } Athenian lords who benefited from Timon's generosity
STRANGERS — strangers to Athens and to Timon
SERVILIUS — servant to Timon

TIMON, an Athenian noble, has established a reputation for extravagant generosity and belief in the goodness of friendship.

A public place

(Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS)

LUCIUS: Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 STRANGER: We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common
5 rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCIUS: Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 STRANGER: But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents;¹ nay, urged extremely
10 for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

LUCIUS: How?

2 STRANGER: I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS: What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't.
15 For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. *(Enter SERVILIUS)*

SERVILIUS: See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.
20 My honoured lord!

LUCIUS: Servilius? you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SERVILIUS: May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

LUCIUS: Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever
25 sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SERVILIUS: Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Continued

¹talent — a unit of money

LUCIUS: I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

30 **SERVILIUS:** But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUCIUS: Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS: Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

35 **LUCIUS:** What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happ'ned that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do — the more
40 beast, I say — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me
45 so far as to use mine own words to him?

SERVILIUS: Yes, sir, I shall.

LUCIUS: I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

(SERVILIUS goes)

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed,

And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

(goes)

50 **1 STRANGER:** Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 STRANGER:

Ay, too well.

1 STRANGER: Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him his friend

That dips in the same dish? For, in my knowing,

55 Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

60 And yet — O, see the monstrosity of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape —

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 STRANGER: Religion groans at it.

65 **1 STRANGER:**

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

70 And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have returned to him,

So much I love his heart. But I perceive,

75 Men must learn now with pity to dispense,

For policy sits above conscience.

(they go)

Continued

IV. Questions 31 to 40 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Saint Joan*.

from SAINT JOAN

Scene I

A fine spring morning on the river Meuse, between Lorraine and Champagne in France, in the year 1429 A.D., in the castle of Vaucouleurs.

Captain ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, a military squire, handsome and physically energetic, but with no will of his own, is disguising that defect in his usual fashion by storming terribly at his steward, a trodden worm, who might be any age from 18 to 55, being the sort of man whom age cannot wither because he has never bloomed.

The two are in a sunny stone chamber on the first floor of the castle. Seated at a plain strong oak table, the captain presents his left profile. The steward stands facing him at the other side of the table, in so deprecatory a stance as his can be called standing. The window is open behind him. A narrow arched doorway leads to a winding stair which descends to the courtyard. There is a stout fourlegged stool under the table, and a wooden chest under the window.

ROBERT: No eggs! No eggs!! Thousand thunders, man, what do you mean by no eggs?

STEWARD: Sir: it is not my fault. It is the act of God.

ROBERT: Blasphemy. You tell me there are no eggs; and you blame your Maker for it.

STEWARD: Sir: what can I do? I cannot lay eggs.

ROBERT (*Sarcastic*): Ha! You jest about it.

STEWARD: No, sir, God knows. We all have to go without eggs just as you have, sir. The hens will not lay.

ROBERT: Indeed! (*Rising*) Now listen to me, you.

STEWARD (*Humbly*): Yes, sir.

ROBERT: What am I!

STEWARD: What are you, sir?

ROBERT (*Coming at him*): Yes: what am I! Am I Robert, squire of Baudricourt and captain of this castle of Vaucouleurs; or am I a cowboy?

STEWARD: Oh, sir, you know you are a greater man here than the king himself.

ROBERT: Precisely. And now, do you know what you are?

STEWARD: I am nobody, sir, except that I have the honor to be your steward.

ROBERT (*Driving him to the wall, adjective by adjective*): You have not only the honor of being my steward, but the privilege of being the worst, most incompetent, drivelling snivelling jibbering jabbering idiot of a steward in France. (*He strides back to the table.*)

STEWARD (*Cowering on the chest*): Yes, sir: to a great man like you I must seem like that.

ROBERT (*Turning*): My fault, I suppose. Eh?

Continued

- STEWARD** (*Coming to him deprecatingly*): Oh, sir: you always give my most innocent words such a turn!
- 40 **ROBERT**: I will give your neck a turn if you dare tell me, when I ask you how many eggs there are, that you cannot lay any.
- STEWARD** (*Protesting*): Oh sir, oh sir —
- 45 **ROBERT**: No: not oh sir, oh sir, but no sir, no sir. My three Barbary hens and the black are the best layers in Champagne. And you come and tell me that there are no eggs! Who stole them? Tell me that, before I kick you out through the castle gate for a liar and a seller of my goods to thieves. The milk was short yesterday, too: do not forget that.
- STEWARD** (*Desperate*): I know, sir. I know only too well. There is no milk: there are no eggs: tomorrow there will be nothing.
- ROBERT**: Nothing! You will steal the lot: eh?
- 50 **STEWARD**: No, sir: nobody will steal anything. But there is a spell on us: we are bewitched.
- ROBERT**: That story is not good enough for me. Robert de Baudricourt burns witches and hangs thieves. Go. Bring me four dozen eggs and two gallons of milk here in this room before noon, or Heaven have mercy on your bones!
- 55 I will teach you to make a fool of me. (*He resumes his seat with an air of finality.*)
- STEWARD**: Sir: I tell you there are no eggs. There will be none — not if you were to kill me for it — as long as The Maid is at the door.
- ROBERT**: The Maid! What maid? What are you talking about?
- 60 **STEWARD**: The girl from Lorraine, sir. From Domrémy.
- ROBERT** (*Rising in fearful wrath*): Thirty thousand thunders! Fifty thousand devils! Do you mean to say that that girl, who had the impudence to ask to see me two days ago, and whom I told you to send back to her father with my orders that he was to give her a good hiding, is here still?
- 65 **STEWARD**: I have told her to go, sir. She won't.
- ROBERT**: I did not tell you to tell her to go: I told you to throw her out. You have fifty men-at-arms and a dozen lumps of able-bodied servants to carry out my orders. Are they afraid of her?
- STEWARD**: She is so positive, sir.
- 70 **ROBERT** (*Seizing him by the scruff of the neck*): Positive! Now see here. I am going to throw you downstairs.
- STEWARD**: No, sir. Please.
- ROBERT**: Well, stop me by being positive. It's quite easy: any slut of a girl can do it.
- 75 **STEWARD** (*Hanging limp in his hands*): Sir, sir: you cannot get rid of her by throwing me out. (*ROBERT has to let him drop. He squats on his knees on the floor, contemplating his master resignedly.*) You see, sir, you are much more positive than I am. But so is she.
- ROBERT**: I am stronger than you are, you fool.
- 80 **STEWARD**: No, sir: it isn't that: it's your strong character, sir. She is weaker than we are: she is only a slip of a girl; but we cannot make her go.
- ROBERT**: You parcel of curs: you are afraid of her.
- STEWARD** (*Rising cautiously*): No, sir: we are afraid of you; but she puts courage into us. She really doesn't seem to be afraid of anything. Perhaps you could frighten her, sir.
- 85 **ROBERT** (*Grimly*): Perhaps. Where is she now?

Continued

STEWARD: Down in the courtyard, sir, talking to the soldiers as usual. She is always talking to the soldiers except when she is praying.

90 **ROBERT:** Praying! Ha! You believe she prays, you idiot. I know the sort of girl that is always talking to soldiers. She shall talk to me a bit. *(He goes to the window and shouts fiercely through it.)* Hallo, you there!

A GIRL'S VOICE *(Bright, strong and rough):* Is it me, sir?

ROBERT: Yes, you.

THE VOICE: Be you captain?

95 **ROBERT:** Yes, damn your impudence, I be captain. Come up here. *(To the soldiers in the yard)* Show her the way, you. And shove her along quick. *(He leaves the window, and returns to his place at the table, where he sits magisterially.)*

100 **STEWARD** *(Whispering):* She wants to go and be a soldier herself. She wants you to give her soldier's clothes. Armor, sir! And a sword! Actually! *(He steals behind ROBERT.)*

105 *JOAN appears in the turret doorway. She is an ablebodied country girl of 17 or 18, respectably dressed in red, with an uncommon face; eyes very wide apart and bulging as they often do in very imaginative people, a long well-shaped nose with wide nostrils, a short upper lip, resolute but full-lipped mouth, and handsome fighting chin. She comes eagerly to the table, delighted at having penetrated to BAUDRICOURT's presence at last, and full of hope as to the results. His scowl does not check or frighten her in the least. Her voice is normally a hearty coaxing voice, very confident, very appealing, very hard to resist.*

110 **JOAN** *(Bobbing a curtsy):* Good morning, captain squire. Captain: you are to give me a horse and armor and some soldiers, and send me to the Dauphin.¹ Those are your orders from my Lord.

115 **ROBERT** *(Outraged):* Orders from your lord! And who the devil may your lord be? Go back to him, and tell him that I am neither duke nor peer at his orders: I am squire of Baudricourt; and I take no orders except from the king.

JOAN *(Reassuringly):* Yes, squire: that is all right. My Lord is the King of Heaven.

120 **ROBERT:** Why, the girl's mad. *(To the steward)* Why didn't you tell me so, you blockhead?

STEWARD: Sir: do not anger her: give her what she wants.

125 **JOAN** *(Impatient, but friendly):* They all say I am mad until I talk to them, squire. But you see that it is the will of God that you are to do what He has put into my mind.

ROBERT: It is the will of God that I shall send you back to your father with orders to put you under lock and key and thrash the madness out of you. What have you to say to that?

130 **JOAN:** You think you will, squire: but you will find it all coming quite different. You said you would not see me; but here I am.

STEWARD *(Appealing):* Yes, sir. You see, sir.

ROBERT: Hold your tongue, you.

STEWARD *(Abjectly):* Yes, sir.

Continued

¹Dauphin — the eldest son of the King of France. This title was used from 1349 to 1830.

- 135 **ROBERT** (*To JOAN, with a sour loss of confidence*): So you are presuming on my seeing you, are you?
- JOAN** (*Sweetly*): Yes, squire.
- ROBERT** (*Feeling that he has lost ground, brings down his two fists squarely on the table, and inflates his chest imposingly to cure the unwelcome and only too familiar sensation*): Now listen to me. I am going to assert myself.
- 140 **JOAN** (*Busily*): Please do, squire. The horse will cost sixteen francs. It is a good deal of money; but I can save it on the armor. I can find a soldier's armor that will fit me well enough: I am very hardy, and I do not need beautiful armor made to my measure like you wear. I shall not want many soldiers: the Dauphin will give me all I need to raise the siege of Orleans.²
- 145 **ROBERT** (*Flabbergasted*): To raise the siege of Orleans!
- JOAN** (*Simply*): Yes, squire: that is what God is sending me to do. Three men will be enough for you to send with me if they are good men and gentle to me. They have promised to come with me. Polly and Jack and —
- ROBERT**: Polly!! You impudent baggage, do you dare call squire Bertrand de Poulengy Polly to my face?
- 150 **JOAN**: His friends call him so, squire: I did not know he had any other name. Jack —
- ROBERT**: That is Monsieur John of Metz, I suppose?
- JOAN**: Yes, squire. Jack will come willingly: he is a very kind gentleman, and gives me money to give to the poor. I think John Godsave will come, and Dick the Archer, and their servants John of Honecourt and Julian. There will be no trouble for you, squire: I have arranged it all: you have only to give the order.
- ROBERT** (*Contemplating her in a stupor of amazement*): Well, I am damned!
- 160 **JOAN** (*With unruffled sweetness*): No, squire: God is very merciful; and the blessed saints Catherine and Margaret, who speak to me every day (*he gapes*), will intercede for you. You will go to paradise; and your name will be remembered for ever as my first helper.
- ROBERT** (*To the steward, still much bothered, but changing his tone as he pursues a new clue*): Is this true about Monsieur de Poulengy?
- 165 **STEWARD** (*Eagerly*): Yes, sir, and about Monsieur de Metz too. They both want to go with her.
- ROBERT** (*Thoughtful*): Mf! (*He goes to the window, and shouts into the courtyard.*) Hallo! You there: send Monsieur de Poulengy to me, will you? (*He turns to JOAN.*) Get out; and wait in the yard.
- 170 **JOAN** (*Smiling brightly at him*): Right, squire. (*She goes out.*)
- ROBERT** (*To the steward*): Go with her, you, you dithering imbecile. Stay within call; and keep your eye on her. I shall have her up here again.
- STEWARD**: Do so in God's name, sir. Think of those hens, the best layers in Champagne; and —
- 175 **ROBERT**: Think of my boot; and take your backside out of reach of it.

George Bernard Shaw
British dramatist (1856-1950)

²the siege of Orleans — the French city of Orleans was blockaded by the English

V. Questions 41 to 48 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

WARILY INTO A WIRED-UP WORLD

I've been looking at the development of videotex interactive television, with Canada's Telidon system acclaimed internationally as the best of the breed, and what I see scares the hell out of me. It's the social equivalent of an atomic bomb with the potential to blow society, as we know it, wide open, and few people seem to be worrying about what to do with the fallout. This new technology could wipe away whatever scraps of individual privacy remain to us, and that's the least of our worries. It also contains the capacity to fine-tune public mind manipulation in a way that makes George Orwell's 1984 scenario look bush league by comparison. Yet Orwell didn't know about computers, with their capacity to sort and filter vast amounts of detailed information about us, when he first imagined the awful future use of two-way television as a social control mechanism. And computers are what videotex is all about.

The problem is simple: information is power, and when you have a vast amount of information, especially about people, as videotex will give to its planners and operators, then you have a vast amount of power. It looks benign at first glance. What we have is the marriage of a computer, perhaps thousands of kilometres away, to the familiar family TV. System details vary, but the only new technical wrinkle visible to the living room Telidon user is a push-button control box. By pushing the right sequence of buttons, you can talk to that computer and do such things as comparative grocery pricing, catalogue shopping, personal banking and looking up Aunt Martha's phone number.

Eventually, you'll be able to order library books or personalized news summaries; haul in financial advice from a trust company; have your gimp heart monitored 24 hours a day; or even find a job in the Canada Manpower listings and apply for it electronically. And that's Telidon from the bright side, the side the federal department of communications and its many private-sector collaborators at places such as Bell Canada want us to see. A bottomless cornucopia of electronic goodies.

Unfortunately, there's a darker view. If interactive television is to work, it will have to know an awful lot about us. If it is to monitor Great Uncle Charlie's heart, it will need his medical history. If it is to help with our financial planning, it will need to know everything about our income and spending habits, and if it is to help us find jobs, it will need our full employment and educational records. And there will be nothing to stop the system from acquiring such things as lists of our department-store purchases and library books we borrow, or from logging all the phone numbers we look up in its directory.

And here comes the catch. If someone should ever decide to put all that information — and much, much more — into one computer (which with satellite and fibre-optic transmission systems is no big deal), then that person, or agency of government, or political party, or multinational corporation, could learn more about us than we know about ourselves. The scenario develops. Individual privacy in tomorrow's wired-up world just beyond 1984 could become as archaic as medieval bear-baiting. Sophisticated surveillance of individuals (not just of those with medical problems), and the talented massaging of public opinion become terrifying possibilities.

Continued

45 Voter manipulation prospects make today's pollster politics look naïve, and heaven
knows what an enterprising ad agency could do to our buying habits with access
to an interactive data base. Of course, it doesn't have to happen this way. Electronic
blocks could be built into that computer labyrinth, and we could have protective
50 legislation. Something could even be said about permissible uses in our new
constitution.

We still have some precious time, a very little bit of it, to think and plan
and to pressure our political representatives into formulating legislation to prevent
such abuse. In its first few years, Telidon will be expensive. One estimate indicates
you'll need a \$70,000-a-year income to be first on the block with Telidon. But
55 the price will plummet once manufacturers figure out the logistics of cheap mass
production, and then there'll be no time left. In the meantime, I wouldn't bet on
politicians taking any initiatives on our behalf. Not when you look at the record
of public computer systems now in place. Every April, when the taxman takes his
annual chunk from my backside and I insert my social insurance number (SIN) at
60 the top of the tax-return form, I remember how Prime Minister Lester Pearson
stood in the House of Commons in April, 1964, to promise that our SINs were
for social welfare bookkeeping, and never, never, would be used for such things
as personal income tax. Not to mention the banks and other private-sector concerns
that use our SINs so cheerfully at the expense of our privacy.

65 A 30-member committee of government and private-sector people, the Canadian
Videotex Consultative Committee serves as an advisory board to Telidon. But only
four members represent groups such as the Consumers' Association of Canada,
which might be expected to worry about our rights in tomorrow's wired world.
Overwhelmingly, Telidon is in the hands of bureaucrats, businessmen and engineers,
70 not the sort inclined to see beyond profit-and-loss columns and technological nuts
and bolts. Some of us will have to do a bit of worrying for them about this
electronic monster, and we'd better start now.

Andrew Osler
Canadian journalist

VI. Questions 49 to 63 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *Oscar and Lucinda*.

from OSCAR AND LUCINDA

The story is set in Sydney, Australia, in 1850. Lucinda Leplastrier is an orphaned country girl who has recently inherited a fortune. She fancies purchasing a glass manufacturing plant and has been doing her own private research into what such a venture would involve.

The Reverend Dennis Hasset, vicar of All Saints in Woollahra, was pleased, having received the letter, to invite L. Leplastrier to discuss his queries on the “physical properties and manufacture of glass”. Not Lavoisier,¹ Leplastrier, but a Frenchman doubtless. Lavoisier was a scientist famous for gases. Lavoisier, anyway, was dead. Dennis Hasset was flattered none the less.

It was the day after the Whitsunday baptisms — fourteen babes-in-arms and the father of Morton the grocer. He had planned an idle day and this interview was an indulgence. He readied himself for it with a self-consciousness he found amusing. He placed around his study those learned magazines in which his work had appeared, did it in such a careful way (a self-mocking way, too, but that is not the point) that the wandering eye of a guest could not help but fall upon them. He could thus display himself like a case of Tasmanian Lepidoptera,² with polished pins through his nose and earlobes. He could lay down the journals like a manservant lays out vestments, and even while he laughed at himself for doing something so childish, still approach the matter with the utmost particularity.

“You see, Monsieur,” he told the empty room, “it is like this.” Like what? He did not know. He placed two large red split logs on the fire and went to sit behind his desk while the first red splinters spluttered and ignited.

The study was dark, but not sombre, and the desk he had placed across one corner looked out on to a bright, cold vista: a curl of yellow road swirling through two lines of eucalypts³ and then out of sight. Behind this was a two-inch brushstroke of ocean. He was burning lamps at midday, four of them. He had them dotted here and there to balance the brightness of the window. The Reverend Dennis Hasset found all this very satisfying. He placed his hands on the red leather top of the desk, regretted the round stain left by a glass of claret,⁴ but was pleased to remember that the claret, a Beychevelle, had been a good one.

He was a tall, well-made man in his early thirties. His face could almost be called handsome, and often was, for he gave his companions such a sense of his deep interest in them that they easily overlooked those heavy eyebrows — joined across the bridge of his nose — that marred his looks. He had dark curly hair, elegant side-whiskers, a slightly long face and a dimpled chin. His natural complexion was a step short of olive, although an increasing fondness for claret made it redder

Continued

¹Lavoisier — an 18th century French chemist known for creating his own laboratory equipment by blowing glass

²Lepidoptera — an order of insects that includes butterflies and moths

³eucalypts — eucalyptus trees

⁴claret — a dry red wine

than the season could explain. But claret or no, he was one of those people who — should you lay a hand on his arm, say, in comradeship — you would find to
35 be of a surprising hardness: surprising, that is, to you, but not to the twenty-four boys at St. Andrew's day school whom he coached in Rugby.

He was a bachelor and he would have said it was not by choice, that he wished nothing more in his life than a wife and children, and yet the truth — which he acknowledged now, adjusting the level of the lamp on his desk so that
40 it cast a low and golden light on the cedar surround of the leather top — was that he had become so particular in his habits that it would have taken the most impossible charity for him to permit, good fellow though he was, his beloved to alter either the number of lamps or their intensity. Was that the truth? Or was it what he feared to be the truth? Did he not enjoy the company of women? Would
45 he not, as they said, "adjust"?

It had not taken him long to discover that the women were by far the most interesting of the two sexes in the colony, although you would never imagine it the case if you met them with their menfolk present. For then they affected the most remarkable vapidty. But alone, or with their own sex, they revealed themselves
50 as scientists when it came to the vectors⁵ of the human heart.

Besides — and he knew this himself — he was a vain man. They admired him and he liked to be admired. He liked to stretch his big body on their chintz-covered settees and accept another tea. He enjoyed this all a great deal and it would have been reprehensible had he not, at the same time, observed the little
55 beetle of pride, the insect of lust, the segmented undulating caterpillar of conceit. So even while he stretched a leg to reveal a black wool ankle he was describing himself to himself, just as he might press his eye to his microscope and detail the mandibles of a colonial dragonfly. This was his great strength. It was his great weakness, too, an excess of detachment from his own life.

60 He knew he was clever but not distinguished, influential but not powerful, or if so only in the most indirect way through the fathers who took an interest in the rugby-playing of their sons.

Waiting for Monsieur Leplastrier, he arranged a piece of glass cullet on his desk, a large clear piece, like a great chunk of diamond, clear enough to make
65 optical glass, made from the fine leached sands of Botany.⁶

Glass was his enthusiasm but not his passion, and while — for instance — he had enjoyed giving his lectures ("Some Surprising Properties of Glass") to the East Sydney Mutual Improvement Society — the newspaper report of which had, he presumed, drawn the impending Leplastrier to him — he did not care sufficiently.
70 There was something missing from his engine. It could not sustain the uphill grades.

This quality, however, was represented in plenty by the young lady who was being admitted to his household at this moment. The Reverend Dennis Hasset did not hear the doorbell. He arranged the cullet on his desk, turning it half a degree
75 so that a ray of morning sun was refracted, just so, to strike (he giggled at the cheap theatricality) his framed degree from Cambridge. He was so taken by this preposterous showing off that he did not notice the "Miss" instead of the "Mr." when his guest was announced.

"Jolly good, Frazer," said Dennis Hasset. "Show him in."

Continued

⁵vectors — any force or influence

⁶Botany — Botany Bay, an inlet on the east coast of Australia

80 He was surprised, of course, to find Monsieur Leplastrier in skirts, but he was not shocked. He was delighted. He made his petite visitor blush by continuing to call her monsieur and it took a while before he saw his insensitivity, and then he stopped it.

85 She sat opposite him. She was very young, but he could not tell exactly how young. Her manner, in many respects, was that of a woman in her twenties, although this impression was contradicted not only by her small stature, but in the way her confidence — so bright and clean at the beginning of a sentence where every word was as unequivocal as the unsmudged lines of her perfectly arched eyebrows — would seem to evaporate as she began, not quite to mumble, but to
90 speak less distinctly, and her eyes, which had begun by almost *challenging* his, now slid away towards bookshelf or windowledge. There was also the charming, rather European way she gestured with her hands — they were very flexible and she could bend her palms right back from her wrists, her fingers back at another angle again — and there was something in these gestures, so ostensibly worldly,
95 so expressive, even expansive which, combined with the shyness which her shifting eyes betrayed, gave an impression of great pluck. Dennis Hasset was much touched by her.

She wore an unusual garment: grey silk with a sort of trouser underneath. Dennis Hasset — no matter what his bishop thought — was not a radical, and
100 this garment shocked him, well, not quite shocked, but let us say it gave a certain unsettling note to their interview, although the discord was muted by the quality of the silk and the obvious skill of the dressmaking. These were things he knew about. The garment declared its owner to be at once wealthy and not quite respectable. She was “smart”, but not a beauty. There was about her, though,
105 this sense of distillation. Her hands and feet were quite dainty, but it was in her face that he saw this great concentration of essence. It was not that her eyes were small, for they were large. The green iris was not a deeper green, or a brighter green. It was clear, and clean and, in some way he could not rationally explain, a great condensation of green. The eyes were gateways to a fierce and lively
110 intelligence. They were like young creatures which had lost their shells, and were not yet able to defend themselves.

The mouth was small, but there was no suggestion of meanness, merely — with the lips straight — determination or — when they were relaxed and the plump lower lip was permitted to show — a disturbing (because it appeared to be
115 unconscious) sensuality.

She wore a wide-brimmed grey hat with a kingfisher-blue feather which was, although “dashing”, not quite the thing. Her hair — what one could see of it — was brown, less than perfectly tidy. This lack of care, when every other part of her was so neat, and pressed, produced an unsettling impression. The hair seemed
120 wilful. It did not occur to him that her hair was, as she would put it, “like that”.

In any case, he knew he had met a remarkable young woman.

“Of course,” he said, pouring the leaves from Lucinda’s first cup of tea into the little maidenhair fern he kept for just this purpose. “Of course you must buy your glassworks.”

125 He gave her a lot of milk, more than she liked. (It was in deference to her youth, which he felt he must insist on.)

“But you understand that although I write a pamphlet or two, I really don’t know anything about the manufacturing process. I might look at a glass factory and see no more than you might.”

Continued

130 Lucinda felt quite hot. If he would not help, she would go to the accountant whom Chas Ahearn had recommended. She would pay the accountant. She would write him a cheque and have him employ a man for her who could do what she required. Or was this man actually in the process of helping? He spoke less directly, more playfully, than she was accustomed to. Her mother had been proud to call
135 a spade a spade. They had despised “shilly-shallyers”. The tea was worse than Mrs. O’Hagen’s. The room was too hot. She was confused to end up with a clergyman when she had begun with a small pamphlet titled “On Laboratory Arts”, a practical guide to glasswork in the chemistry laboratory. She had written to the printer who had supplied her with the address of the author.

140 She did not think of clergymen as practical people. Mr. Horace (at Gulgong near Mitchell’s Creek) had managed to chop off three fingers while trying to kill a sick hen. This man seemed to be confirming her prejudice, to be taking *pride* in confirming his uselessness.

“So I must warn you,” he said, “that while I have adequate theory — in
145 fact you have your saucer resting on it — I have no knowledge or experience of the commercial side.”

“Then you cannot help me.”

“On the contrary,” he declared.

He saw her adjust to this. She did not say thank you, but rather: “The
150 vendors must not know me as a woman.”

“And why not?”

“They will act strange,” she said, gesturing with her flexible fingers and palms, letting her eyes roll away. (Should she pay the clergyman for his labour?)
155 “It would occupy you a great deal,” she suggested. “There would be books — wouldn’t there? — to examine.” (He cannot be poor, she thought, if he burns four lamps on a sunny day.)

“Yes,” he agreed, “a great deal to do. But the object is a lovely one, is it not? It is the object we should celebrate.”

He stared at her so excitedly that she looked away, blushing crimson. When
160 she looked up again he saw her eyes had hardened in some way. She lifted her chin. She sat straighter in her chair.

He had been misunderstood.

Dennis Hasset hurried to correct the situation. He spoke about glass.

Peter Carey
Australian novelist

VII. Questions 64 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

MORNING GLORY¹

- And though I work to rid the garden of it,
(Rows of empirical carrots, rational radishes,
Facts like stepping stones throughout the patch)
I've come to respect its strange tenacity,
5 Its wayward way of sprouting here and there.
Chop as I may at its roots with a spade,
Though I hack like Alexander at his knot,²
Yet it will grow again two days from now,
Unfurl its pale green leaf, exact its space
10 Among the vegetables and cultivated herbs.
It grows in spite of all my labour,
Wound tight about the garden-stakes
I'd meant for beans, constrictive helix³
Coiling like a fundamental molecule,
15 Its chlorophyll ascending stairways to the sun,
It grows to grow, no other purpose set;
Roots deep in radical conspiracies,
Its leaves attempt to climb to power
Upon the backs of lesser, weaker plants
20 Whose usefulness will always see them spared.
But for that (and only that) I'd let this hardy have its way,
I'd leave the garden to its own affairs
And judge that worthiest which could prevail,
Nature letting nothing stand it did not mean.
25 I would not stoop, as now, to pull this green enthusiast
From soil enriched by years of care and privilege;
I'd turn my garden back to equal opportunity
And let the fancy lettuce, dill, and beans
Contend without my help against a weed
30 Whose one offense is overwhelming life.
I'd watch its trumpets raise their senets⁴ to the sun,
And like a tired Roman know an empire over-run.

Patrick White
Contemporary Canadian poet

¹morning glory — a vine with trumpet-shaped blooms

²like Alexander at his knot — a reference to the Gordian Knot. In Greek legend, King Gordius of Phrygia tied a knot that, according to an oracle, could be untied only by the future ruler of Asia. When Alexander the Great failed to untie the knot, he cut it open with his sword.

³helix — a spiral

⁴senet — a trumpet call used to signal ceremonial entrances

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